

The Saturday News

Vol. IV

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No. 10

NOTE AND COMMENT

During the past week the whole of the civilized world has been doing honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the centenary of whose birth occurred on Feb. 12. In no sense has the celebration been a narrowly national one. Lincoln stood for American citizenship at its very best, and we believe that it is by following as closely as possible his footsteps that the republic will realize most completely the great ideals to give expression to which it sprang into existence. But his career and character were such that as we contemplate them we seem to think of international boundaries. In his great-hearted simplicity, in the breadth of his sympathies, and in the example which he gave of the eminence to which the man of the humblest birth can attain, he makes a universal appeal. With so many influences at work that are contrary to the spirit of Abraham Lincoln's life, it is most encouraging to find what a multitude of diverse individuals there are who revere his memory and who regard him as his century's foremost product. A great deal of poetry has appeared for the first time in recent months, with Lincoln as its subject. Much that would have been reproduced for the occasion. But to the mind of the writer of this page, there has been nothing better than "The Jester's Apology," which appeared in Punch on May 6, 1865, when the shock of the President's assassination was still acutely felt. The liberty is therefore taken of reproducing these verses herewith in full:

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who, with mocking pencil went to trace
Bred, for the self-complacent British reeve,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his untempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonaire,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could count its paragraphs,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear,
Between the mourners' at his head and feet,
Sav' scurril jester is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confuse my pen,
To make me own this hind of princes' peer,
This rail splitter, as true born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; for long suffering years,
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;

The Alberta Farmer as a Military Man



The above is a group of farmers from Ellerslie, six miles south of Strathcona, members of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, taken at camp at Calgary last summer. Left to right are: Sergt.-Major Howard, Ptes. Scamen, Moravec, Ingram, Corp. Govenlock, Pte. Herd, Sergt. Hoffman, Ptes. Stewart, Peel, Moravec, Martin, Corp. Durand, Trumpeter Crumb.

Till, as he came on light from darkling days
And seemed to touch the goal
From where he stood,
A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those giant, long laboring limbs were laid to rest?

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen.
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The old world and the new, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

Interest in provincial politics has been stimulated by last week's Conservative convention at Red Deer. A number of resolutions were adopted on a variety of subjects; several speakers strongly condemned the government in general terms; Mr. Hiebert, the member for Didsbury, and Mr. Robertson's sole colleague in the Legislature were questioned regarding a recent interview in an Edmonton paper; and Mr. McCarthy, the member of the House of Commons for Calgary, was tendered the leadership in the forthcoming contest.

In the Conservative press we find a summary of the platform on which it is proposed to meet the people. It is recited that the immediate construction of railways is a necessity and that while the principle of government ownership is endorsed, it is expedient under present circumstances to guarantee the bonds of companies, securing in return control of rates and the power to acquire the roads when the province may so desire.

Before another issue of the Saturday News appears, the details of the government's railway policy will have been made known and the question brought up at Red Deer may then be discussed with complete information available. Judging from the above, it does not appear that any issue will be raised in connection with this vitally important subject. As one of the first papers which urged the government to take thorough-going action along these lines, the Saturday News feels confident from the announcements that have already been made that, provided it is allowed to proceed with its plans, the administration will be able to effect an epoch-making change.

The convention further declared that the province should administer

its public domain. One of the cries, that was raised in 1905, will thus once more be made to do duty. The school question, which was pushed to the front in that year, will be evidently be dropped. Yet of the two, the latter placed the Opposition on the stronger fighting ground, provided that an appeal on the purely constitutional aspects of the case were made. The Saturday News could never understand how Alberta could gain anything by insisting on being given its lands. If it had them, it would either have to use them for the promotion of immigration, as the Dominion does now, or dispose of them in order to obtain a revenue. But it needs immigrants and it needs the whole of the revenue that it is now in receipt of. Under the arrangement with the Dominion, the latter supplied it with an additional grant in lieu of the lands, which were still to be used, as they had been for year back, for the purpose of inducing settlement. At best the cry for the provincial domain is based on sentiment. But it is practical results that count with the people of the province, and the reiteration of this plank can only be a source of weakness.

Many of the planks are either strictly in line with the government's policy, as those in regard to the coyote bounties, the agricultural college, etc., while others give evidence of having been inserted, not because they are founded on any conviction, but only to make a show. How many leading members of the party are acquainted with the principle of initiative referendum and recall which was endorsed? Such an innovation would involve a complete change in our constitutional arrangements. Would one not naturally expect that some discussion at least would precede the taking of so momentous a step by a great party?

A government system of internal elevators is endorsed. This is in face of the constitutional and financial difficulties, which were shown to be in the way by the report of the Premier of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, made public two or three weeks ago.

The proposal to have the meat packing industry conducted on methods similar to those of the creameries is endorsed. This also is a question, which has been investigated very thoroughly and the announcement of the policy of the government in regard to which is daily expected.

A proposition is sanctioned to submit a plebiscite on prohibition, a prohibitory law to be acted on by a majority of 60 per cent of the total vote polled. It has been properly considered? It is a very indefinite shape at present. What kind of a prohibition measure is intended? It must be remembered that a province's powers are limited. Is it intended to go to the full limit of those powers?

Such criticism as the Saturday News has to make of the platform is not on the ground of the actual measures which it recommends. Two or three are objectionable, but the majority will be heartily subscribed to by a large proportion of the people of the province. Its principal weakness lies in the very patent fact that it has been elaborated simply for the sake of opposition.

The general policy of the government is not seriously challenged in any particular. That it has done well for the province and given us the business-like and far-sighted administration that we required in the initial stages of Alberta's growth is admitted by practically all when you come to discuss the situation privately with them. Its only real opponents are those who take up the cudgels against it for personal or sectional reasons. How a change at the present juncture would be an advantage is difficult to conceive. We have not only to consider what these now in power have done, but by whom they would be replaced in event of a change. There is no reason why the Conservative party in Alberta, as elsewhere, should not be in a position to assume governmental responsibilities. No party has a monopoly of ability for administration. But for nearly four years it has been practically out of business, so far as provincial politics goes, and before it could be safe for it to take over the reins, a general building-up process within the ranks will have to be gone on with. If the proper man is secured for the leadership, he will have a great work to do in commencing this work of re-organization. But another parliamentary term at least should pass before he and those associated with him could safely be entrusted to take over the duties of government.

How widely shared is this view is evident from an article in the Strathcona Chronicle, a paper whose loyalty to Conservative principles will hardly be questioned, which appeared last week.

"The government appear," says the Chronicle, "to have stamped the dual opposition to such an extent by their railway policy and their amendment of the Workmen's Compensation Act, that Mr. Hiebert appears to have become terrified by his own opposition, while Mr. Robertson is dallying over the extraordinary annexation idea in his most dilatory manner. That the Conservative party throughout the province is in a healthy condition the result of the last Dominion election shows clearly, but that the Opposition in the Provincial House is in a state of political extremity is also clear. A Moses is badly wanted to lead the party to the promised land of power. Whether he will arise or not on this occasion the coming election will show, but as far as our political vision goes there seems to be a striking absence of bullwhips behind which the prophet might be concealed."

Mr. Hiebert complained of the cold reception which was accorded him when he arrived at the convention. Later, when cross-examined by some of the delegates, he declared that he stood by the platform adopted by the convention and by the interview which he had recently given to the public. The more important portions of that inter-

view are as follows. After declaring that the great need of the province was larger population Mr. Hiebert went on to say:

"How are we going to accomplish that?" asked Mr. Hiebert. "By framing up an opposition policy of government ownership? By attempting to assert that our present government is too crooked to be straight in its bunk? By declaring that on account of government policies, settlers are handicapped and defrauded of their opportunities; or by openly and honestly supporting the government in the efforts they are making, whenever those efforts are designed to make for the prosperity of the province? For my part I think that honesty is the best policy, and that political opposition merely for the sake of opposition is intended to hamper the development and defeat the great purpose for which we are all striving."

"Now while I may have my own views regarding numerous acts of legislation, and while I have reserved the right, and always will reserve the right to criticize, I must, in fairness, admit that the present work of the government as a general whole is for the country's good. I do not know by what method the government will secure the railways we want, and will reserve the right to criticize if the methods employed are not sound and the best available, but the fact that we are to be given the roads is the important thing and he it far from me to attempt to hinder the honest effort of the government merely for the sake of opposing it."

"I am not in politics to make money, neither is any man. Business opportunities in Alberta are so good and will be so improved by this railway legislation that a man who is out for the money will resign from politics, and go after the investments that will be afforded. What we are concerned about is the bettering of our opportunities by legislation, and until our party has an opportunity to advance a general program more wise, more progressive, and more fraught with promise of general good it can best earn the respect of the electors by a frank, honest, attitude of approval, of course, reserving the right to point out, and at the same time pointing out, the flaws and defects of any and all measures adopted or proposed. Alberta will be a province for a long time yet, and mistakes will be made. No government can remain unassailable, and when that time comes in our province, our position will be stronger by having played the game on this high principle."

That such an utterance, coming from a man, who constituted half the force of the opposition in the last Legislature, and who, indeed, after the election of 1905 was the sole representative of his party left until a recent gave him a colleague, is remarkable in the extreme, will admit. That it does Mr. Hiebert credit and that it represents the opinion of the average man who is not a strong politician, the Saturday News is firmly convinced. The old idea that you should slang whang the other party, no matter whether they have done good work or bad, never appealed to this paper. At the gathering in Red Deer Mr. Hiebert was asked why he had come to the convention. The report of the Calgary Herald gives his answer and the way in which it was received.

"Mr. Hiebert: 'I came primarily for myself. Secondly, I came for the Conservative party, and I say keep slander out of the party platform. You say the Liberals are a set of thieves.'"

"Yes," from the audience en masse.

Evidently the majority of the delegates held that it was necessary to represent those in power as a lot of criminals in order to keep in the political game at all. But still some evidence is made public to justify this assumption, the electors can hardly be blamed for placing a true valuation on these wholesale denunciations. Mr. Hiebert may find himself unpopular with his colleagues for the time being but it is certain that the attitude which he now assumes will do a great deal towards bringing about more rational methods of political campaigning.

Whether Mr. McCarthy will accept the offer of the leadership or not is not definitely decided as the Saturday News goes to press. The fact that a protest has been entered

(Continued on page 5)



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON

the well-known literary worker and lecturer, some of whose impressions of Edmonton appear on another page of this issue of the Saturday News

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20



THAT "NATURAL BENT"
THEORY.

"Tis a sin to check the children at
their play.
George Jones was killed at football
yesterday.
Henry Smith's neck was broken at
the contest.
Our Philander, though we are
not boasting,
Fell a score of yards from our
popular tree.
He's an angel now; a lovely child
was he.

Let the children be untrammelled in
their sports.
Listen! What were those two omin-
ous reports?
Charlie Jenkins didn't know the gun
was loaded.
So he shot his sister Nell when it
exploded.
Hark! the clanging of the plunging
ambulance.
Sammy Thompson spilled carbolic
on his nuns.

Do not hamper, then, these guileless
cherubs' play.
Though we read these gruesome
stories every day.
Let them blithely shoot and strangle
one another.
Don't disturb them, though they die
and worry mother.
Utter freedom we should grant the
little selves.
Thus they sweetly educate their
little selves.
—Strickland Gillilan.

Those who imagine Gull Lake is a
dull sort of a place after the Ed-
monton and Calgary summer visitors
depart should read the Lacombe
papers, one of which in its last issue
says:

"The Gull Lake local improvement
council election affair reached an
acute stage last Saturday when
Wm. Wise the successful candi-
date, and his opponent S. M. Welch,
had a little encounter in which Mr.
Wise was the aggressor. Mr.
Welch laid information against his
assault and the case came up
before Justice Switzer on Thursday.
Mr. Wise pleaded guilty and fine
and costs to the amount of \$18 were
assessed."

The mayor of Calgary received this
letter the other day, thanks to the
post office authorities:

"To the Mayor of the Town,
Alberta, Western Canada, Ontario.
"I saw in last night's Telegram
you are in want of young women to
come out as wives for young men in
Alberta. Do you think I should
send one of our applicants? I am
of medium height, dark and my age
is 31 last June. I only came out to
Canada last September. I belong to
Staffordshire. I have no friends out
here at all. Perhaps you will kindly
send a line in reply from you. Res-
pectfully, Annie Rush, 41 M.
Charles street, Toronto, Canada."

I reproduce Annie's letter in the
hope that some of my young readers,
living elsewhere than in Calgary may
get in their applications as soon as
possible after the rush from that city.
There is a danger, though, that at
the age of 31 Miss Rush will be cer-
tain to make her selection from the
batch that comes in with the first
mail.

IN 1908
Grandpa (twice) Well, y'en
talk all you like about Rocketships,
Monorail Biers, and this here new
line of New York and London night
boats but give me the good old
times. Folks didn't use to be in
such a tearing hurry. In my day,
if we hiked along at 65 miles an
hour, we thought it was fast enough
for anybody.

You will have noticed that I am of
a mathematical turn of mind. Now
here is what I consider a very inter-
esting problem. Those of my
readers who have not shaken them-
selves free of the rampant cigar
ette habit are aware of the fact
that the makers of a certain popular
brand recently introduced an ar-
rangement by which with every
coupon is given, five of which
entitle the holder to secure another
box. When you go in and buy a
box in the ordinary way, you pay ten
cents. How much does a married
man who avails himself of the coupon pay?

In case the problem is dismissed as
too simple for some of the great
readers of Saturday News, readers,
I would throw out a suggestion. The
answer "eight cents" is sure to come
right off the bat from some. Yet
isn't it a fact that by purchasing ten
boxes and redeeming ten coupons, a
person gets twelve boxes for a
dollar, which doesn't make the price
figure out at exactly eight cents.
Then we must remember that after
he has redeemed his ten coupons, he
still has two coupons left. I am
authorized to offer a year's subscrip-
tion to the Saturday News to
anyone who will give the exact
answer.

You cannot get away from the
Government. Even the Vermilion
Tories have to hold their meetings in
Rutherford Hall.

More power to your elbow, Mr.
Street Railway Superintendent!

Just to ward off a cheerful idiot,
it might be remarked that that
Pigeon Lake proposition looks like a
bird of a scheme.

There are some men I know who
have been hit up so often for wed-
ding presents to be presented to those
with whom they had the misfortune
to be connected in a business, social
or some other way, that they have
been driven into getting married
themselves in order to get back
some of the money they have invested
in gifts for others. A wedding
should be a joyous event. But if you
ever hear more sulphurous
language from the head of a house
than when his better seven-eighths
announces that the post has brought
a request for the honor of their
presence at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
So-and-So on the occasion of the
marriage of their daughter, etc.

In Montreal the other day a news-
paper man undertook to make some
revelations regarding the presenta-
tion business which is apt to make a
good many doubt their best friends.
His statement is that there are men
in Montreal who make a living as
professional makers of presentations.
The methods of such an individual
are somewhat as follows: He has a
story goes: Upon an appropriate
occasion, as for example when A is
about to be married, the promoter
goes to B and says that the boys are
about to make a presentation to A.
B thinks something should be done
and puts up \$5. Then the promoter
goes to C, D, E, and the rest of A's
friends and acquaintances and
gathers in whatever he can.

The idea is evolved meanwhile that
the present is to be, say, a silver tea
set to cost \$25. Usually the prom-
oter's accounts are not audited and
he endeavors to collect more than
\$25.

When he has worked A's friends
dry he proceeds to make his master
toil. He goes to A and tells him
that the boys are about to make him
a present, but this difficulty has
arisen. The committee has been
able to collect but \$100, and the
article upon which they have set
their hearts as a suitable one is a
silver tea set costing \$125. Failing
to get this they will have to back
on some much cheaper object or
possibly the effort will go to pieces
altogether. But the promoter has
had a happy thought. He has been
entrusted with getting in certain of
the subscriptions. If he will just up
him the \$25 he will turn it in with
his subscriptions and no one will be
the wiser.

In nine cases out of ten A submits
to being held up. Then the pro-
moter holds up the merchant who
sells the article for a commission,
or deliberately buys a cheaper one if
he thinks it safe. The presentation
is duly made. The promoter is a
big tout in the public and makes
a name for himself and gathers infor-
mation for further graft. The differ-
ence between what he collects and
what he spends is what he lives on.
Even if his accounts are audited,
which is of course a breach of etic-
quette on such gladsome occasions,
he is reasonably certain of being able
to touch A for \$25, and whatever
happens will be covered by the
last man to open his mouth. It is
possible that Montreal is not the
only city in Canada where the game
is worked.

"Won't you sing something?"
asked the hostess.

"I am afraid I can't," said Miss
Smith.

"Oh, Miss Smith," said lady
number one, "you know you have a
perfectly charming voice."

"I'm all out of practice."

"Nonsense!" emphasized lady
number two. "It's lovely. You
must sing."

"Yes, you MUST," said the host-
ess. "Come, now," said lady num-
ber three. "The dear old I'm in for
dying to hear you; I simply can't
wait."

"Some other time."

"This pleasure," broke in lady number
four, "we shall never forgive you.
I've just been longing to hear you.
You simply must."

Whereupon Miss Smith, sighing
deeply to herself, went to the piano
and started her song, while ladies
number one, two, three and four
continued their conversation where
it had been broken off.

"I believe you two old Romans
have met before," said Mme. Reva-
mire, as Julius Caesar and Cassius
encountered each other at one of her
five o'clock teas.

"No, madame," said Caesar fixing
a cold and stately glance on Cassius.
"The last time we met we met
behind."

If he had had the nerve to
come around in front it would have
been what Ruyard Kipling calls
another story.

"Cassius slunk miserably away, and
when last seen was trying to reduce
his leanness over the chicken salad
end of the supper table."—Chicago
Record Herald.

"If you want to know what
the West is Really Like
Read 'Town and Trail'!"

A Striking Tribute from the
Canadian Courier

"Canadienne" writes as follows
in the Canadian Courier:

When the Ontario young men
who have gone West come back on
a visit to Toronto, London or Hamil-
ton, they are wonderfully glad to be
home for the first few days—and
then they begin to find everything
rather small and to wonder what
is the matter with the sky and the
atmosphere. The month of holidays
drags a little after all and they turn
their faces willingly towards the
setting sun when it is time to go
back beyond the prairies. And when
they see these boys, who is "mighty
glad" to see Ontario again and who
will doubtless be longing for
Alberta, before it is time to go back,
tell me emphatically: "If you want
to know what the West is really like,
read 'Town and Trail' by Mrs. Watt.
It's fair to the country."

Used in the search of 'Town and
Trail' one afternoon and found that
it consisted of vivacious sketches,
some of which I had already become
acquainted with in the Edmonton
Saturday News, for Mrs. Gertrude
Palmer Watt is the 'Peggy' of that
lively journal. Those who have the
conventionally picturesque ideas of
the West as Old West writers and
some cowboy ride about the town
and where even the women disfigure
every sentence with strange oaths
may find enlightenment in these
eighty-five pages of glimpses of a
kind of electrified East.

"The Men Who Make Good" is a
chapter which might be read with
profit by Old West writers and
are thinking of settling in Canada
and have not the remotest idea of
how long it takes to walk from Mon-
treal to Edmonton. The author
makes it plain that degenerates and
ineptiles are not wanted in the
West and, while she shows a proper
scorn for the remittance man, she
also appreciates those Englishmen
who have shown the pluck of the
best of their breed, the stuff of
braves and Livingstones. The deli-
cate, delicate, delicate, delicate, delicate
home to the English papers about
the hard times they were having and
have whined weekly for the space
of a column are not the material of
which pioneers are made.

"This is a new country and many
trails have yet to be blazed," says
the writer. "We want pioneers,
men who do not know where they are
beaten. And to get the men we
want, we say, 'there are one hun-
dred and sixty acres, a free gift,
take them and make a home.' And
the rich men set to this or that so-
berly, with stout hearts and in time
we see a snug farmhouse, many cattle
and great wheat fields, all the
gift of this wonderful new Domi-
nion, while the other set of men are
loafing about town, demanding
where are the brass beds and the
parlor rockers?"

In a country of wide opportunities
and stern demands, the words of
Kipling or Service seem to spring
readily to the lips. The latter's
"Law of the Yukon" is found to be
only too true to the facts wherever
there are new worlds to be made:

"This is the Law of the Yukon, that
only the strong shall thrive.
That surely the weak shall perish,
and only the fit survive."

These bits of Western life, some of
them so familiar and others so
strange to the more sheltered East,
are such as to increase the Cana-
dian's pride in this bright, brave
Dominion where there is so much to
be done and so rich a reward for
daring and endeavour. The life of
the new country is harder on the
woman sometimes than on her
brother but the women of our West
like their grandmothers in the older
provinces will doubtless do their own
good share in making homes as far
as the pioneer spirit may wander,
west or north.

PO' OL' ADAM!

Adam wuz his own boss
"Twel he gon ter sleep,
Den it wuz he los' a rib,
An'—trouble in a heap!"

He riz up, he riz up,
Fer dar he couldn't stay:
An'—"Whar dat rib I had?" he said,
"I one rib short to-day!"

Den Eve it wuz dat answered:
An' skereed he wuz, fer sho!
"I don't keev of you los' a rib,
You don't desurve no mo!"

An' now I gwine ter tell you:
Keep quiet ez a mouse,
Kaze I de verry lady
"Whar runnin' of de house!"

You gott er got make de money,
Yer gott er rise an' er shine;
Git up an' eat yer breakfas'
An' go long whar you gwine!"

Adam ain't say nutin';
De talkin' never cease:
"I'll go dar, whar den lions at
Ter git my res' an' peace!"

Yo reckon he wuz peaceful?
Befo' de day wuz gone
Eve made him split the killin'
An' put de kettle on.

Adam, po' ol' Adam!
Fun den ontel dis day
He had des one opinion:
"I sleep my rights away!"

Atlanta Constitution.

DOLLARS COUNT

rapidly when you are spend-
ing them for clothing and
the best way to be sure
that you are wisely part-
ing with them is to come
here when you want a new
suit or spring overcoat.

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CLUSIVE PATTERNS COR-
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S. BRUKER
—TAILOR—
51 Jasper East

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We are offering an assortment of charming hats
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Regular \$9 & \$10 Hats for \$4.69
" \$12 Hat - for \$6.69

These are genuine bargains and we advise our
friends to call early to secure a choice.

We have also a very fine selection of dainty
reception hats at tempting figures.

Newest novelties of the season arriving.
Bridal veils, orange blossoms and all other
millinery requirements always on hand.

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Handsome Fur Gaudlets the
Greatest Bargains yet Offered

Be here on Saturday and pick up the best, for the re-
ductions warrant a quick clearance. 'Twill soon be time
for us to clear the decks for spring shipments and pack
the furs away in cold storage for the summer months.
We don't want to do this—it's not the policy of this store
to carry any stock from one season to another—hence
these remarkable offerings.

You'll have a couple of months' good wear out of
them this season and all next winter's wear thrown in.
Prices will be considerably higher next year.

Women's Astrachan Coats	\$35
Plain Box Style, regular	\$50 value
Women's Astrachan Coats	\$48
Finished with Sable collar, regular	\$65 value
Women's Coon Coats	\$44
Plain Box Front, regular	\$60 value
Women's Coon Coats	\$49.50
Plain Box Front, regular	\$65 value
Women's Coon Coats	\$58.50
Plain Box Front, regular	\$65.00 value
Women's Fur Lined Coats	\$38.75
Beaver Shell, Squirrel Lining, regular	\$50 value
Women's Fur Lined Coats	\$41.50
Hampster Lining, Sable Collar, regular	\$50.00 value
Men's Coon Coats	\$50
Large Collar, Quilted Lining, regular	\$75 value
Men's Black Dogskin Coats	\$19.50
Heavy Lining, splendid to wear, regular	\$25 and \$30
Men's Fur Lined Coats	\$49.50
Rat Lined, German Otter Collar, regular	\$75 value

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A. M. STEWART, - Manager Edmonton Branch

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Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up, \$5,000,000.00
Rest, \$5,000,000.00
Your Savings Account is solicited. G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

Northern Crown Bank

Head Office - Winnipeg

Capital (authorized) - \$6,000,000.00
Capital (paid up) - \$2,200,000.00

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Miss Florence Galbraith, Ebullient

George T. Burton, Baritone

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DUCKS. OUR BEEF, PORK, LAMB AND
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Gold, Lacquer, Ebony and Sepia finishes,
very artistic for photographs.
Hundreds of pretty patterns in Mouldings
for every kind of picture.
Good selections of Carbons, Engravings,
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R. H. GRAVES CO., 526 Jasper West
WIDE BLOCK, EDMONTON



FROM COLLEGE TO CABOOSE

"Sassiness" on the Saskatchewan

By Agnes Deans Cameron

"This world is so full of a number
of things
I am sure we should all be as happy
as kings."

R. L. Stevenson.

"Peggy" is so busy with Naomi
Reuben and electrolysis aims and
social figments and granite curling
stones that she has asked me to take
her column for her this week. I am
to give my "impressions of Edmon-
ton." They are many. Heinz
advertises a choice pickle as "one of
the 57 varieties." A week among
the live people of this Athens of
Alberta puts you in daily touch
with the whole 57 varieties and 43
more.

Society in Edmonton consists of
some-what from North, East,
South, West and the eight and
twenty other points of the compass,
blown hither by the four winds of
heaven; compounded of many sam-
ples, the whole stirred-up and hill is
the most fascinating I have ever
poked into.

The wonderful people of Edmon-
ton seem unconscious of the fact that
they are unusual persons in a unique
drama. The world's history-book
and the rolled-up maps of the past
alike fail to show me a frontier like
this one. May I tell you how it all
strikes me? "I, your glass, will
modestly discover to yourself that
of yourself you know not of."

Well, first of all, swathed in its
snowy attire the city of sleigh
bells and muffled footsteps is very
beautiful. It is my first really
Canadian winter (for Victoria's
belated blossoms and Yuletide
sleighs scarcely count), and I am
carrying a way a third panel picture
to complete my golf-links series.

Last May I spent a charmed after-
noon on the links when the anemones
were in bloom, the Saskatchewan
running free, and an early catbird
from a tall cotton-wood shaking his
little throat announced to all and
sundry, "God's in His heaven, all's
right with the world." I will never
forget that day. In November,
coming South with the wild geese I
stopped to play for a fortnight in
Edmonton, and one sleepless morn-
ing I walked across to the bluff and
found my second golf-links picture,
an etching this time. The whole
valley was covered with hoar frost,
the sun just rising made a nifty
sky-relief for the white-strait
trees, and beyond flowed the river;
an early-passing cart had cut a
black line through the silver, and
one shaggy horse and I enjoyed it
each in our own way until the mat-
tress of St. Joshim's startled us into
every-day things. But last week's
picture was white chalk upon blue
delft.

When is Canada's Artist of the
North to rise, the man who will
show us that Edmonton smoke is
rose-tinted and pink, who will spread
on his canvas the impression I got in
driving home the other night from
the Alexander Taylor school when
each silent house sent its smoky
gouffon into a sky of steel-grey,
and in quick imagination one could
glimpse the sleeping giant stretched
on his back under each roof-top
whose mighty suspiration erring
mortals mis-called smoke.

Edmonton is beautiful, it is also
alert, and clear-eyed and strong,
acceptive and receptive and resource-
ful. I like it. I have never been
anywhere where the women play a
more insistent part in the develop-
ment of a city, in its moral and
mental and spiritual growth than is
apparent here. One hears little talk
of the franchise, of the "rights" of
women, there are no "Votes for
Women" banners, and yet without
fanfare of trumpets the splendid
women of this young clean limbed
city are working out marvels of
helpful altruism and laying the
ethical foundations four-square.

The Daughters of Empire not con-
tent with conjuring into life an

emergency ambulance are, planning
to put an exclusive so potent that
already one can hear the neighing of
the charitable chargers.

One 30 degrees below morning Mrs.
Farris drove me to the free Creech
where half-a-dozen wee wuffs,
warmed and fed, expanded under
her sunny smile and sent a tight
clutch to the heart and a lumpy
feeling to the throat. The begin-
nings of things are to me so very
compelling. By-and-by the Alberta
Home for the Friendless will be a
fashionable and assured charity with
its Boards of Directors, its Parlia-
mentary grant and its big brick
rest. Just now it is a sheltering
rest for a scant dozen callow fledg-
lings, whose unfathered bodies and
gaping mouths are not beautiful but
whose smile the big-hearted visiting
director would not exchange for the
delights of many bouts of bridge.

In the seats of the mighty, valiantly
wrestle the Wise Men with
Peace River railroads, McMurtry
branch lines and the half-hundred
problems of Provincial expansion.
Here, too, the voice of the woman is
heard in the land. A woman's depu-
tation waits on the Premier to pre-
sent for judicial consideration the
question of Dover-right, and the
Better Protection of Children. The
beauty of this to the onlooker is
that the women who leave their
home-comforts and social attractions
to compass these wise measures,
themselves belong to the sheltered
classes they are working for others,
throwing out a helpful hand to those
who can't help themselves.

Also, there is much mental electri-
city in the air regarding the selection
of a suitable hospital site. Of the
merits of the respective schemes it
would ill behoove an itinerant fly-
by-nighter to speak, but it is
refreshing to realize that nothing
is going to go by default. Apathy
is the most deadly giant to meet in
the way when public enterprise is
afloat, and when Mrs. Murphy arises
clear-headed and forceful one
strongly knows that Apathy finds
no place in her Tuten.

A day's diary of one of Edmon-
ton's type-women would be good
reading for the blue in effete circles
of the East. It would probably
include an hour down with Mrs.
Barnes and Peggy and Mrs. Gries-
bach in the curling-rink where the
Glenagarry bonnets, the crimson
cheeks, the quick-drawn breath and
the babble of "hog's line" and "pot-
fide" stir good Scot's blood and sets
afire inherited longings which have
smouldered for four decades.

After curling, Milady pays a call
or two (half-business and half-plea-
sure) behind her own horses in a
smart cutter, or on foot pushing
before her the newest olive branch
in his own red velvet push-along.
What next? Catching the street
car, (how metropolitan that sounds!)
she hangs on to a strap, for there's
standing-room only, and makes her
way into the University class-room,
where, squeezed into a desk made
for less ample proportions, she feels
far her literary yearnings on a
clear-cut presentation of "The Origin
of the Drama." A vastly interest-
ing topic to lecturer and well-bred
disciples both, but neither seems to
grasp the truth that he and they
and Edmonton are working out a
drama unparalleled in the Empire's
evolution, a drama beside which the
Moralities and "Interludes" and
miracle plays of the Monks sink into
pale background of misty import.
Here on the world's greatest wheat
plain is being wrought out an amal-
gamation of races, a unification of
tongues and hopes and fears and
aspirations unique in history. The
page of the story is the prairie; grass
covered and running out into flowers
at the foot hills, and northward
pressing out toward the unnamed
lakes and rivers with their waxy
banderolles of uncertainty. The
writing tools to tell the story are the
red-painted ploughs and reapers,
the teams of patient oxen, the right
arms of men and silent self-tossessed
women. It is the Epic of the Wheat.

The afternoon's program may take
one to a discussion of Browning's

"Saul" or of tea and bannocks in
Mrs. Bredin's caboose. What a land
of lush interest is this where Mem-
bers of Parliament with their wives
drive 300 miles in a caboose even
from the Lesser Slave Lake to Ed-
monton to make laws, where one
meets Paris brides floating on rafts
down the bosom of the Peace, where
oil-paintings adorn the walls of
tented shacks, and where Cree bar-
bers fur with Christian. Who wants
to die and explore other planets of
perfection when this good earth
offers such riches? Not I!

Within a week I have visited the
grain-exhibit in the Board of Trade,
smelled the violets and carnations in
Canada's farthest north greenhouse,
met the members of the Canadian
Club, looked into the clear strong
faces of the young people of Alberta
College, spoken with the public
school teachers at their social even-
ing, and in street and shop and
drawing-room felt the verve and
vividness of the abounding life of
Alberta. It has done me good.

AGNES DEANS CAMERON.

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and run
A Stand-By

I'm wondering considerably these
days at the "upishness" and inde-
pendence of some of the street car
employees. On all sides one hears
of their arbitrary over-looking of
small boys and girls who stand wait-
ing and signalling for them to stop
at the various street corners. Now
a child who pays his ticket has as
much right to signal a car as a
grown-up, and for a car to refuse to
pause and take them aboard is taking
a mighty high-handed method of
conducting that part of the munici-
pality's particular business, if I have
any thoughts on the matter.

Not only, though, are children
overlooked, but dozens of times a
day, despite passengers' requests
that they be let off at a certain
street, the conductor rings his bell
for the motorman to forge ahead,
before a body has time to make his
or her way the length of the car.
The next time the conductor with
me I should take a considerable ride at
the city's expense, have the pleasure
of jolting down Mr. Conductor's
number, and give him the benefit
of a free write-up. With the cars
so satisfactory in point of comfort,
if not convenience, it's up to the
management to employ attentive
and courteous officials.

The Junior and Senior Bridge
Clubs tried conclusions at a "tre-
mendously" exciting contest on
Thursday afternoon last at Mrs.
(Continued on page 7)

\$50.00

To be
Given Away

We want a name to use as a
brand for a new breakfast food
we are preparing to place on the
market. To the person sending us
what we consider the most fitting
name we will pay \$25.00
in cash.

Anyone can submit as many
names as they wish. The only
requirement is that you send
with each name one guarantee
coupon which you will find in
every bag of Ritchie's Hungarian
Patent Flour.

Competition closes the first of
April, 1909.

This breakfast food is made
from the purest of wheat, finely
flaked and sterilized, requiring
only a few minutes cooking to
make a delicious porridge, con-
taining all the material needed
in a digestible form for nourish-
ing the human body and grati-
fying the palate.

Every 98 pound bag of
Ritchie's Hungarian Patent
Flour contains one Orange
Guarantee Coupon, and every 49
pound bag one Red Guarantee
Coupon. We will give \$15 in
cash for the largest number of
Orange Guarantee Coupons,
and \$10 in cash for the largest
number of Red Guarantee
Coupons returned to us by any
one person by April 1, 1909.

Ritchie's Hungarian Patent is
an excellent flour for light,
white meals flavored bread, bis-
cuits, and buns. Ask your
grocer for it, and have a trial
for one or all of our prizes.

None of our employees or
those of any way connected with
the company will be permitted
to enter into the competition.

EDMONTON MILLING CO
STRATHCONA

THE University Magazine Just In

Contents February 1909

Literature and Education in America
Stephen Leacock
New Lyrics for 1901 Andrew Macphail
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The Poets of Canada E. H. Greenhilda
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shapes and a variety
of subtle, tempting
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TWO STORES 51 Jasper W.
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Jasper's Note Book

A Weekly Tale
of
Two Cities

For the time being it looks as if a rational policy of street railway extension is to prevail. The superintendent, who has shown that he knows how to build a system and to make it pay, while at the same time giving as good a service as possible, under the conditions that he has had to face, has had his hands upheld. The line to the packing plant house will go by the northern route, as he recommended. It is plain that this was the proper course to pursue. The cost will be somewhat over \$33,000, while the various other routes proposed would entail an expenditure varying from \$62,500 to \$72,500.

I have all along contended in this department that the only safe plan to pursue in connection with these extensions was to make them according as population spread out or as some enterprise was floated which was bound to bring population to a certain locality. There is no doubt that a large settlement will spring up around the Griffin plant, which is already employing 175 men. But it is a different proposition to extend the line through territory at present uninhabited on the assumption that with the street cars the people will move in that direction. Such a policy would serve no good public purpose and those who advocate it can never escape the imputation that they are doing it with the object of boosting some particular property. Their motives may be all right but people are naturally suspicious and that there is a grave danger of the street cars being used to help along the speculation everyone must recognize.

Though it didn't authorize the proposed extension to the west end park, the council adopted a resolution to the effect that this should be the next extension, the route to be chosen by the superintendent. What possible object was there in its going thus on record? Why should routes be determined upon for a year hence any more than ten years? Let the extensions be made as population warrants.

The only excuse for building a line to the west end park would be that it might be used as a recreation ground. I don't know very much about the suitability of either west or east end parks for this purpose, but am inclined to doubt it in both cases. To draw very largely from the city an amusement park should be near some body of water. An extension to St. Albert might serve a double object in bringing that village into touch with the city and in giving an opportunity for an outing on the shores of Big Lake. The distance to the latter is no objection, for the street car ride of an hour or so attracts the average person quite as much as what is offered to him at the end of his journey.

As the readers of this department know, I have been very much impressed with the need of giving the chief of police a pretty free hand, once he is appointed. The city ought to be sure of its man and then let him go ahead and show what he can do, judging of his efficiency by results. An explanation, however, is certainly due of the contradictory statements that Chief Loney has made in the Howey case. If an old and respected citizen has been done a flagrant injustice, as appears from the information that has been already given to the public, it should not go unrighted.

The council has taken the course suggested by me two weeks ago and decided to engage an expert to report on the whole question of the city's water supply. It is evident from the contradictory figures that the public has been furnished with that there has been a good deal of moving about in the dark. The second offer by Mr. Gray made it imperative to take up the matter again. He has stated his willingness to purchase the city's water mains and to deliver water at rates twenty per cent lower than those now charged in every case except where metres have been installed. As

there seems little doubt that the water which he would furnish would be much superior to what we shall be able to secure from the river, when the country to the west becomes settled up, it is evident that the present arrangements cannot continue. Either some such scheme as Mr. Gray's must be accepted or steps taken by which the city can supply its people with better water at cheaper rates.

The reports presented at the annual exhibition meeting this week showed that the city has been paying heavily for such advantages as it secures from the institution. The deficit last year was \$7,461. The guarantee of the city was for \$5000. The experiment of holding a fall in addition to a summer fair proved anything but a success and will not likely be repeated. In four years the various exhibitions have involved a deficit of \$21,763.

A change in the appointment of directors is to be made. There will be twenty in all. Eight are to be selected by the council, two by the Board of Trade, four by the racing committee and six by the agricultural interests. This change may be all right, but it is very unlikely that the new body will put more energy into the management than its predecessors did. The trouble appears to be with the general methods. The holding of a race meet in conjunction with the fair has been defended on the ground that it was necessary for financial success. But it is inconceivable that the financial results could be worse without the races than it has been with them, while if they were eliminated it would tend to help the fair proper. More attention would have to be paid to improving the character of the exhibits and if the city did continue to lose it would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that a decent display of its resources and that of the country surrounding had been made. As things have been in the past, the city and the government have been paying out public money for an exhibition, which, because of the sentimentality of the display made, did more harm than good.

The proposal to pave four blocks of Whyte Avenue, Strathcona is to be submitted to the ratepayers. The belief is general that the by-law will carry and that a striking and much-needed improvement will be effected.

The new Collegiate Institute building in Strathcona, a cut of which appeared in the Saturday News recently, was formally opened by the Lieutenant-Governor on Wednesday evening. It makes a handsome addition to the public structures of the two cities.

An active year was reported at this week's annual meeting of the Strathcona Board of Trade, when the members did Mr. J. M. Douglas the honor of re-electing him to the presidency.

The gunpowder explosion in a tent near the old fort on Tuesday shows how far folly and carelessness can go. As the story goes, a twenty-five pound keg of gunpowder, which with some others had been removed from one of the recesses of the fort, had been taken, for some unexplained reason, down to the basement of the government buildings. The fireman, William Lunn, was about to use it to help out his fuel supply. If he had, there is little doubt that, so far as this globe was concerned, many of the one hundred and fifty people working up above, would never have been cold any more. Fortunately somebody prevented him from carrying out his intention. Then he took it over to his tent near by and on his own subjecting ground decided to carry out his experiment and show that the powder could be safely used for heating purposes. He put the keg on the stove, a terrible explosion followed, he himself was very seriously injured and two men in the tent with him, Krein and Millen, suffered considerably.



Graydon's "Prescriptions"

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King Edward Pharmacy

One of the largest blazes that Edmonton has seen for some time wiped out Travis Barker's Exchange Mart at the corner of Queen's Avenue and Rice street and adjacent frame buildings early on Saturday morning last. The spot was a likely one for a big conflagration and Chief Davidson's men did good work in confining it to the extent that they did.

Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Morse's successor on the G.T.P., visited the city at the end of last week and gave assurance that thirty days after the weather moderates sufficiently to allow steel laying, Edmonton "could begin to look for the line here." Man alive! they began to look for it near v. two years ago.

Yet another bank is to open in Edmonton, the Bank of Ottawa have leased one section of the new McDougall and Second block, next to the Windsor Hotel. This will be the fourteenth bank doing business in the city and the fifteenth branch.

New Every Day. New books, new novels, new magazines, new fashion journals, new daily and weekly papers, new illustrated colored post cards, Canadian, British and American at Mackenzie's Book Store.

What the Farmers Lose Every Year from Insects.

Do you know how much the farmers of Alberta lose every year in dollars and cents through the destructive habits of insects?

It has been shown conclusively by the Audubon society of the United States that the farmers of that country lose annually \$395,000,000. The figures compiled by them are absolutely trustworthy and will amply pay your careful study:

Product	Amount of Loss
Cereals - - -	\$200,000,000
Hay - - -	53,000,000
Cotton - - -	60,000,000
Tobacco - - -	5,200,000
Truck Crops - -	53,000,000
Sugar - - -	5,000,000
Fruits - - -	27,000,000
Farm Forestry -	11,000,000
Miscellaneous Crops	5,800,000
Animal Products -	175,000,000
	\$595,000,000

As there is no question of your concern in the general agricultural condition of the country year by year, so there is no disputing that your material welfare is also affected by the protection of insectivorous, song and game birds, for if crops dominate, in a measure, the country's prosperity, then every man and woman interested in helping to make crops good and land a helping hand to the Fish and Game Protective Association of Alberta, with this object in view, to protect the birds that kill the insects that destroy the crops.

PROTECT THE BIRDS.

Now when the loss to farm crops from insects in the States amounts to nearly \$600,000,000 and Mr. we can readily imagine what the loss to the Alberta farmers must be. The subject of protecting the birds that feed on the destroying insects can scarcely be classed as sentimental. The truth is, there is nothing before the people of Alberta to-day of a more thoroughly practical nature than this self same subject of bird protection. The grasshopper has proved a pest in different seasons, and it is a well known fact that the prairie chicken practically lives on these insects during the seasons that they are most prolific, so that it is in the interest of every farmer to as far as possible foster and preserve these birds.

The average man and woman is apt to look upon all protective work of this character as the effort of bird lovers or animal lovers, and to look on the well meaning societies and associations organized for this work as being a good deal of a fad, in their appeals to the public for support.

NOT A QUESTION OF LOVE.

It is not a question of loving either the birds or the animals, it is a question of conserving the life which is a potent factor in freeing our land of some of its destructive forces, as we need to get together in the protection of the birds, because they serve their use in our fields, in our gardens and we hope in time in our orchards.

A word to the boys. The, thoughtful boy who kills the robin with his slingshot is strongly deserving of censure, as the robin is one of the most active of that decreasing army of birds that is fighting the increasing insects, which are enemies of your fruits, plants and crops. The boys are not the only despoilers of the birds, as many men from ignorance of the habits of the feathered tribe stand idly and indifferently by doing no wrong act in itself, and raising no protest against the overt offence that is committed under their own noses; and if this article will only bring home these facts to these native individuals, it will fulfil an object of vast importance to the province as a whole, to each individual, and be a strong means of examining the efforts of the Alberta Fish and Game association to those who look with indifference on its objects and do not realize that the protection of bird life is next to the preservation of the forests, one of the most important questions now before this country. The Calgary Herald.

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If you are looking for a genuinely superior toilet article try a sample of this fine preparation.

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TOWN AND TRAIL

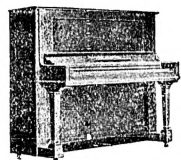
Has Proven a Most Gratifying Success

"Town and Trail" has nothing whatever in common with official immigration literature," writes a man whose opinion in such matters is of no little value. "It is totally different and immeasurably superior, but just the same, if I were at the head of the immigration bureau I would order ten thousand copies of it and send them the world over."

During the past few weeks hundreds of these booklets have been sent over two continents. That they have been appreciated by those receiving them and have done a great deal to awaken interest in this part of the country, there is no question. As the Toronto Star puts it, "TOWN AND TRAIL ENABLES THE READER TO GET CLOSE TO ALBERTA WITHOUT HAVING TO BUY A RAILWAY TICKET." So favorable an impression has the booklet made that the large edition printed has been nearly exhausted. It would be well therefore for intending purchasers not to delay before ordering copies

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MONDAY, FEB. 22

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Acrobats, acrobatic dogs, acrobatic

McGLOIN and SHELLEY

The "Dumb Dancers"

JESSIE DALE

Phonograph

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

That All Saints' churchroom would be crowded last Thursday evening when the choir of the church gave its annual secular concert was a foregone conclusion to everyone who had been present at this event in other years. While there was a very high standard to be maintained, it is quite safe to say that on this occasion Mr. Barford and his excellent choristers greatly enhanced the reputation which came from former efforts. The first part of the programme was composed of two superb part songs by the choir "The Song of the Vikings," and "The Bells of St. Michael's tower," and one for female voices, "My Flaxen Haird Lasse," solos by Miss Pinckston, Miss Hetherington, Mrs. Mahan and Mr. Turner, a duet by Miss Pinckston and Mr. Turner and a quartette "A Spring Song" by Misses Pinckston and Cameron and Messrs. Griffiths and Turner. The soloists all did themselves proud. Miss Pinckston, Mr. Turner and Mr. Griffiths repeating their successes in the solo parts of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," which constituted the second part of the performance.

This cantata, which was written by Thomas Anderson, has never before been attempted in this part of the west, or so far as the writer knows, in the whole of the Dominion, which is surprising in view of its unique beauty and power. With the assistance of a most efficient orchestra of twelve pieces, the choir gave it a rendition which will linger in the memory of all who heard it. It is based, of course, on Longfellow's well-known poem, so familiar to all whose public-school education was obtained in this country. The quiet sea, the approaching disturbance, which the old seaman notes as he warns the skipper to make for the nearest port, the full fury of the storm, and the calm of the aftermath, with the fishermen finding the evidence of the grain tragedy of the night before in the body of the skipper's daughter, stark and cold, tied to the mast, are all brought out with rare effectiveness and too hearty congratulations cannot be extended to those who participated in the masterly production.

At the close of the programme the choir showed its appreciation of Mr. Barford's services by presenting him with a purse of gold.

A WHOLE SHOW.

Mr. Fax is a whole show in himself. He is something more than a humorous vocalist as the bill-boards describe him, he is a real character actor of resource and undeniable talent. The man who, with changes complete and rapid, can impersonate every type of stage character from a Dutchman to a Chinaman, surely they are the extremes of species and speech, and do them all convincingly, is no ordinary performer. Mr. Fax brings with him a company of artists who are receiving well merited recognition all over the country. Miss Jean Winters is a singer with a rich, melodious soprano voice; Mr. George T. Belton possesses a baritone voice of exceptional range and quality; Miss Florence Galbraith is an elocutionist who has received encores from the severest critics in the east; Miss Agnes H. Quigley, pianist, is a sympathetic accompanist and brilliant soloist; altogether making a unique combination of talent. The Fax Company will appear in the Edmonton Opera House on Friday and Saturday, February 19th and 20th.

BENEFIT CONCERT.

A benefit concert for the sufferers of Mexico, Italy, organized by Prof. Willey, and under the patronage of Mayor Lee, will be given in the Separate School Theatre on Friday, February 20th. The programme will be given by Prof. Willey, the Allen Stock Co., an orchestra composed of the city's best artists, and other talent is being arranged for. The latest moving pictures will also be shown.

EDMONTON'S MUSICAL PROGRESS.

That Edmonton is an extremely musical city goes without saying, as it is evidenced by the number of excellent choral organizations and musicians at present in the city. The really splendid work of Mr. Jackson Hanby in his recent production of "The Messiah" and the citizens of Edmonton proves conclusively their appreciation and enjoyment of the highest form of music. The Musical Festival results secured last season by Mr. Vernon W. Barford (to be again repeated this year) and the good work done

by our other professional musicians, are all actual proof of the superior musical taste of our people. An additional evidence of the musical culture existing in Edmonton is the large record of sales in the city and Strathcona of exquisite Nordheimer Pianos, amongst which may be mentioned the recent purchase by a really clever pianist of a magnificent Nordheimer Horizontal Grand, an instrument which since its arrival in Edmonton has been admired and enjoyed by a number of leading musicians and connoisseurs and away about of any other Horizontal Grand heretofore made in Canada.

The pre-eminence of the Nordheimer Piano is secured by its solid merits as a musical instrument of the highest class and character. It produces a full rich tone as well as a delightful singing quality, the Horizontal Grand referred to being constructed quite out of the ordinary lines and on the latest scientific and acoustic principles, construction material, chosen in an exceptional Cuban mahogany, having a responsive action providing that sense of "reserve" that calls out a player's enthusiasm.

AT THE EMPIRE.

The Empire continues to draw large houses. This week's programme is an excellent type of first-class vaudeville and the announcement made below shows what is to be expected in the bill commencing on Monday.

Donat Bedini, and his acrobatic dogs, Jim and Jan, offers something entirely new to Edmonton theatregoers. The management have been trying for considerable time to get this act, but were unable, until now to do so on account of restrictions put on United States animal acts. The dogs are exceptionally clever, and will no doubt make a big hit here.

The Empire theatre has been building up a name for nice sketches, and another of that kind will be presented by Hall and Colburn. This playlet, "The Swede and the Happy Girl" is extremely funny, and will no doubt cause many hearty laughs.

Lovers of good singing have another treat in store for them. Jessie Dale is the name of a dainty little woman who is possessed of a phenomenally deep baritone voice, which she certainly knows how to use, if newspaper criticisms are to be believed.

St. Pierre Brothers, contortionists and novelty acrobats, have made quite a name for themselves on the larger circuits, and are sure to go well here. They carry their own special scenery and electrical effects.

A nonsensical skit "The Bell-boy and the Actress" is presented by Austin and Sweet, and in the hands of these two clever performers, is a sure cure for the blues.

McGloin and Shelley, "The Battle-axe boys" are singers that are dancers and dancers that are singers. The act comes billed as vaudeville's representative act, and is sure to please.

The illustrated song "There's a room to rent in my heart for you," will be rendered by Mr. Roberts, while a lot of new and funny moving pictures have been secured to close the performance with.

The Empire orchestra has been very busy rehearsing lately, and their overture for next week, Hungarian Lullaby, by Keler Pola, will be a treat. With this as a starter, the whole programme should be one to delight everybody.

The Allen plays are this week producing the South African play "Zulu," in which Miss Felton does justice to Margaret Anglin's famous role.

What Caused Longboat's Defeat.

A group of men in a New York room were discussing the chances of Tom Longboat, the Indian discus and javelin runner, in the coming race with Shrubbs, the Englishman. "My money on Shrubbs," announced a weak face mounted on a flat chest. "The red man has no heart; Anglo-Saxon determination will win the day." "Not on my life," argued a moon faced, tubby man. "The craft and cunning of an abbe-rigine."

"You're both wrong, Tom Longboat'll win hands down. He's the greatest runner in the world to-day. Moreover, the Indian is not crafty and cunning; he's a simple, untutored child of the virgin forest."

"Why, I've known Tom Longboat ever since he was a little pauper strapped to his mother's ironing board, and it's this same childlike simplicity that's made him what he is to-day."

"His tepee, Indian fashion, used to face the west, so that when he walked out in the morning, the sun would cast his shadow before him."

"Now, Tom was full of real racing spirit right from birth and couldn't bear to have that shadow ahead of him. So every sunny day with true aboriginal simplicity he used to start right out on the dead run to beat it."

"Of course it would always be noon before he caught up with his shadow, and an hour or so more before the afternoon sun would cast it behind him. Then he'd be satisfied and flushed with his hard won victory he'd quit for the day."

The sporting man's words made a deep impression. "Have you ever noticed," ventured the tubby man, "how Longboat always seems to run in straits? He goes like lightning for a little ways, then slows up a bit, and then dashes off again."

"Don't you know why that is?" smiled the sporting man. "Why, you see he got so used to following his shadow when he was little that now he can't run without a pace-maker. When he gets ahead he quits."

"So he hit upon the simple though somewhat vulgar plan of spitting as he runs and then trying to catch up with it. He paces himself. He spits in every big race except round Boston, of course. There he expects to win."

"I wonder what was the matter with him in the English Marathon?" said the flat-chested man. "The sportsman's face glowed anxiously around the room to make sure that there weren't very many people there. Then, in a confidential whisper that couldn't be heard outside, he said:

"Now, I don't want you fellows to quote me, because if this thing should ever be brought up before the pure food law I don't want to be dragged into it. See? But I know for a fact what happened. Nope. The night before the big race they put alum and green persimmons in his food and he couldn't spit."

Note and Comment

Continued from page 1

against his return to the House at Ottawa from Calgary is said to debar him from resigning. Whether this disability can be surmounted is yet to be determined. If he could be brought into the field, the party would undoubtedly have at their head the best man available in Alberta. Mr. Borden needs him at Ottawa, however, and it is doubtful if he would be willing to surrender the excellent chance which he possesses of rising to a position of distinction in the Commons that the present parliament will give him.

Dr. Brett succeeds Mr. Hyndman as President of the Association. His long acquaintance with politics in the West and his genial personality should fit him for the post.

There was some talk of raising money to start a daily paper in the province that would give stronger support to the principles of Conservatism. If the members of the party are not satisfied with what is served up to them, they must want more of the red-hot variety of political pap than is to the taste of the average reader. The Conservative dailies, at present in existence in the province, are doing the party much better service than journals, moulded more strictly on the Mail and Empire model, possibly could.

The coming week promises to be one of unusual interest in the Legislature. The real work of the session will then begin. The railway policy will be announced, the provisions of the redistribution bill settled and other matters put into definite shape. The absence of exact information regarding the various proposals to come before the House has made an extended comment on the work of the session somewhat difficult up to the present.

FACT TWENTY-SEVEN

Under the Imperial's "Automatic Non-Forfeiture Provision" its policy contracts cannot lapse until the Cash Surrender Value has been exhausted in paying overdue premiums. This prevents the benefits of their insurance being lost to holders of Imperial Life policies through temporary inability to meet premium payments.

C. D. ROGERS, Dist. Manager
Archibald Bldg., Edmonton

THE COONSKIN CAP.

(From the Denver Republican.)

My gran'ther's gran'ther hunted bears. And possums and such things; He was a man who took no daries— His praise a whole State sings— And when he hunted in the woods A loting gun and trap, His skypiece was no store made goods— He wore a coonskin cap.

This coonskin cap that long ago My gran'ther's gran'ther wore

I've used in many a childhood "show."

But who shall use it more? For Cousin Phyllis says that it Is just the stylish stunt. And she has had it made to fit. And my! she makes a front.

The striped tail that used to bob On gran'ther's gran'ther's neck Now aids fair Phyllis to play hob! With hearts— mine is a week! And gran'ther's gran'ther never thought

When that coon tumbled dead, The hide at this day would be sought To deck a beauty's head!

Arthur Chapman.

Consumption May Follow That Cold.

Much is said and written of tubercular troubles. A run-down system attacked by a cold is the beginning of the trouble. Mathieu's Syrup of tar and Cod Liver Oil arrests the disease, cures the cough, dissipates the cold, soothes the inflamed and diseased tissue and builds the system up. It is beyond all question the greatest cough and cold cure and system builder combined. Large bottle 35c from all dealers

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The Only Agricultural Weekly published west of Winnipeg

In recent weeks it has undergone a re-organization and now has on its staff as expert and forceful writers on agricultural topics as are to be found in the Dominion.

If you are interested in POULTRY, an industry which is going to occupy a large place in the life of this province, you should read the Homestead, which is making a specialty of this branch. The work is in charge of Mr. E. N. Barker, who in this department speaks with the authority of a man of continental reputation. Read his extensive report and comment on the recent Lethbridge poultry show in this week's Homestead.

As an Advertising Medium for reaching the substantial farmers of the province nothing could be better.

A trial of the Want and For Sale Department at one cent a word will bring surprising results.

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St. Andrew's Brotherhood Gathering



VEN. ARCHDEACON LLOYD
of Prince Albert

H. DAVIDSON PICKETT
of Moose Jaw

The conference of the Brotherhood of St. Andrews now being held in this city is a splendid example of the manner in which the men of the West are taking advantage of the great heritage which has been bestowed upon them by the Giver of all things. Not only are we here to build big cities and prosperous towns and villages throughout this vast country and to take from the land all that she so willingly gives: rich minerals, fine timber, and beautiful crops, but to spread broadcast the gospel of our Lord and to win a heritage to God our Maker and salvation.

The B. of S. A. is principally a laymen's organization connected with the Church of England, organized some 25 years ago and now spreading its influence to all parts of the world. It is purely a religious society with but two outstanding resolves, firstly: To urge daily for the spread of Christ's Kingdom among men, and secondly, to try each week to bring at least one man nearer to Christ. With these two main rules the Brotherhood has been going ahead since its organization.

In Canada, the headquarters are in Toronto, and Chapters in nearly

every city and town throughout the Dominion. Conventions and conferences are held annually in the principal centres and are a great benefit in assisting the forward movement.

The conference being held now in the city is the first that the Brotherhood has had in Edmonton and it is the earnest desire of all its members that the city will give it the success that it deserves. Delegates are arriving from all points of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

On Sunday afternoon a Mass Meeting for men is being held in the Opera House to commence at 4.15. The subject to be dealt with is: "Man's Need of Christ and Christ's Need of the Man." Archdeacon Lloyd of Prince Albert will be the principal speaker. The topic for the meeting is one that will appeal to all Christian men of all classes and denominations. All men will be welcomed at this meeting. The chair is to be taken by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Calgary. Appropriate music will be rendered. The conference closes with a farewell meeting of delegates and members of the congregation in All Saints' Church at 8.15 p.m. Sunday night.

Why a Captain Sticks to his Ship to the Last

"A good many folks asked when Capt. Scully of the Republic stuck to his ship until the sticks were submerged and then took a cold swim for it before he was picked up why this was necessary, or rather why it wasn't plain foolish," said a man who followed the sea for many years to an eastern newspaper recently. "It's an old, old tradition among skippers that they shall stick by their ships to the finish; that they shall go down with their ships if it comes to that."

"Now, there isn't any tincture of bravado about this point of view of the skippers. They look upon it quite as part of the game. They regard the business of standing by their vessels till the finish as quite as much a part of their duty as being on the bridge in a fog."

"The skippers who feel themselves directly or indirectly responsible for the loss of their ships actually get to go down with their vessels, and they make the business a sort of suicide. Not so with the skippers who feel that they are in no wise responsible for losing their vessels. They have no idea of committing suicide by sticking to their ships. Their one idea is to stick, that's all."

"There may be a pretty fine shade of difference here all the same. To put it in another way, the captain who has lost his ship through what he knows to be neglect wants the waters of the sea to cover his head; whereas the other captain is actuated solely by the tradition which whether it seems sensible to the common view or not, absolutely requires the commanding officer of a sinking vessel to remain by her until the very end."

"Naming no names, a few years ago a big Pacific liner, running between San Francisco and Yokohama hit a submerged rock while going her way toward the Golden Gate in a fog. Now, the captain of the steamer had no right to try to get through the Gate in that heavy fog. He had passed the Farallones and he knew pretty well where he was. But he made a swift change from Yokohama, and he wanted to break a line record by getting into San Francisco Bay at once, and so

he tried to feel his way through the fog past the Gate. It was a bad fit of fog, and he hit the sunken rock several miles above the Gate. Nearly the whole keel was torn from his ship and a lot of lives were lost, including that of a United States Consul General at a Chinese city and his family."

Most of the passengers were tucked into the boats and carried to safety before the steamer went down in such deep water that they've never been able to find so much as the combing of a hatch of her since. Just as the last handful of passengers was pulling away from the steamer the skipper, a man who had sailed all of his life without ever making a mistake before, was seen to place a revolver in his temple and put a bullet in his brain, and he was dead when the steamer carried him to the bottom with her."

"There was a case of course of a skipper knowing that the end of the world had come for him, so far as his ever being anything again in his profession was concerned, and he did about the only thing that was left for him to do. Had he never could have explained the mistake. He never would have had another command. As a man born to the sea, who had been a commander for a quarter of a century, there was simply nothing else for him to do, according to the master seaman's point of view, except to make his finish consistent with that of his ship."

"It must be said, however, that even the skippers who know their selves to be in no way to blame for the loss of their ships have a certain tangible incentive not to mind very much whether the ship that they stick to manages to stand up under them or not."

"You see, a skipper who has lost his ship is forever a marked skipper. There isn't any way to get away from that, or to do away with it. He is marked. He's pointed out as the man who lost his ship. It doesn't make much difference whether he was to blame or not."

"In employing skippers, for example, the preference is ever given to the men who've never been known to have an accident to their ships under their command, and the skipper who has lost his vessel must await his turn and it's often a long, long turn to wait, too."

"Why, on the docks of Liverpool I've seen, many and many a time, this or that wistful chap who has been pointed out to me as Skipper So-and-so, who lost his ship in the Indian Ocean, or wherever it might have been, and 'who's waiting for another ship.' Yes, and I've seen these same men, moaning about the docks upon many and many a return trip, all of them forever waiting for a ship."

"The simple fact that they are on the waiting list shows that they were guilty of no negligence in losing their ships, for had that been the case, any of course they wouldn't have been on the waiting list at all but would have had their master's licenses revoked. All of these wistful waiting skippers were men who had lost their ships in such a way that they couldn't help but permit themselves to be rescued—they'd run aground, usually, so that there was no chance for them to permit themselves to go down with their broken vessels. Still in looking at them it always struck me that every man jack of them must have wished over and over again that he hadn't survived the loss of his ship."

"The custom of the sea is in this respect no different from that of the land. The locomotive engineer who survives a bad accident, which has been caused through no error or fault of his own, nevertheless finds that he has received a black eye, professionally speaking, that will last him pretty high as long as he lives. He has to wait his turn too."

"The greatest difficulty is to speak, of his profession are dish out to men who have had no accidents. It's the old human story that the world is made for winners, not losers."

"Then the skipper's relationship toward his employers is another thing that must be taken into consideration in examining this matter of why they stick to their ships when there appears to be no vestige of hope left for their vessels. Most masters are men who have passed through all of the grades of apprenticeship up, and from the time that a ship's boy first puts on the jacket of an apprentice, the seriousness of his obligations to his employers is dimmed and dimmed and forever dimmed into his ears."

"Ship's boys associate only with the officers and the officers are forever instilling it into the lads that their first duty as sailors must always be to their employers. By the time a boy has passed through all of the grades and finally attained master's papers the idea of his responsibility and his loyalty to his employers has become a sort of first tenet of religion to him."

"Well this being the case the skipper whose ship is slipping away from beneath his feet cannot but feel, no matter how utterly blameless he may actually be, that he hasn't made good for the trust his employers have reposed in him; that Fate or the hand of God or Destiny, or something of that sort has been against him and caused him to become derelict in his duty to the people employing him. Positively it's a sort of worthy madness, this sense of duty which skippers feel towards their employers, and if all ends ashore possessed the same feeling you may be sure that land employers would never have any occasion to complain of their employees."

All of these things then enter into the mind of the skipper who finds that his ship, wounded or grounded or dismantled, or waterlogged, is slipping away from him. The weight of tradition, the ever present fear of being blamed, whether blame-worthy or not, the keen if unreasonable self-assertion for having failed to make good in the trust reposed in him by his employers, these are the things that cause a skipper to stick to his ship, and his ship is on the edge of dissolution, to stick along with her with little or no desire of being saved."

"The extreme conservatism of steamer captains is such that once when I was in the China river I knew a skipper who blew his brains out when Asiatic cholera found its way on board his vessel without his being in the slightest degree to blame for the misfortune. It wasn't any cinch that he wouldn't have been blamed at that, but he decided to wait to find out."

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Alberta at the present session thereof, for an act to incorporate the Alberta South-Western Railway Company with power to construct, operate and maintain a line of railway of a gauge of 4 feet, 8 1/2 inches (with all convenient branches, whether under or over 6 miles in length) from a point on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific branch line between Calgary and Lethbridge, such point being in a northerly direction from Macleod, thence to or near Macleod and westerly from a point at or near Macleod to or in the vicinity of Pincher Creek thence in a westerly direction to the western boundary of the province a distance of about 100 miles, with all the usual rights, powers and privileges granted to Railway Companies.

Dated this 19th day of January, 1909.
GEORGE B. HENWOOD,
Edmonton, Alberta,
Solicitor for the Applicants.

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Hockley Suits and Overcoats

so famous, will be maintained. Special prices for December in TWEEDS and OVERCOATS.

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To Men Who Advertise Expensive Things

You wouldn't advertise a Summer Resort to people who could not afford the cost of the transportation.

On the same basis you shouldn't advertise an Automobile, or any other LUXURY, to people who can't afford to even think of them.

Or BUILDING MATERIALS to people who never hope to own a home. You wouldn't send a salesman after them you wouldn't even circulate them.

Why do the cleverest advertisers of expensive things use

The Saturday News

Simply because they have discovered that not 10, but 100 of its circulation is among PEOPLE ABLE to Buy.

Don't forget this when you are planning a campaign, but Phone 1961 and our representative will call on you.

The News Publishing Co.

39 Howard Avenue, Edmonton



There's true Art.

in latter-day Clothes.

¶ They represent Concentrated and organized skill as against the feeble individual effort of the alley tailor. If you're tailor-tired and glad of it, stop reading right here.

¶ If you're open to conviction, but, as Tom said to Tan, "I'd like to see the man that can convict me," we'll show you how to make \$1.00 do the duty of \$2.00 when it comes to tailored clothes.

¶ Suits \$12 to \$30.

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A Little Talk To You About Steaks

Perhaps

you're finding it difficult to get a steak of unmistakable tenderness.

Perhaps

even if it is tender it lacks that particular flavor that satisfies fully.

Perhaps

you get flavor but not tenderness—or tenderness but not flavor.

ALL our stock is Government inspected, that means that the Government guarantees the quality of the meat before it was killed. ALL our stock is hung for a sufficient number of days to allow it to mature. That means both tenderness and flavor.

Ring us up, phone 2635 and test our statements with an order.

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Edmonton

Home and Society.

(Continued from page 3)

Braithwaite's, when the fickle little god, Luck, perched obstinately on the back of the Juniors' chairs, so indeed that the Juniors came out 2000 points ahead, which was terrible as you'll admit, Mrs. James Bigger swooping off with the dainty silver trophy, while the Also Rans, quite a bit in the rear.

Of course a competition such as this may prove much or little, but Mrs. Bigger is generally acknowledged one of the keenest women players in town, and if the rest of her club play as well it isn't surprising that they made such a brilliant stand. But cards are contrary things, a bit like women in that they are uncertain and there you are.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick was the hostess of a charming tea in Mrs. Constantine's honor on Monday.

The same afternoon Mrs. Hislop had a Fire O'Clocker when Mrs. Fletcher Bredin was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Gertrude York had a small tea on Monday afternoon, the reason of it being the Girl's Hockey Club. I believe they call themselves the Shamrocks, when they, and a few favored outsiders, had a pleasant hour, or so over the tea-cups.

Mrs. Fletcher Bredin entertained at a jolly "cushion" tea on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Miss Agnes Deans Cameron.

Owing to the hurry in which the names were given of those having names in charge at the Hospital Fair in April, Mrs. Swaisland's name was omitted from association with Mrs. Duncan Smith's in connection with the handkerchief booth.

Mrs. Seale was the hostess of a large bridge on Thursday afternoon, quite a number dropping in later for tea, particulars of which I shall have to hold over until next week.

Mrs. Mount Bigger is expected back in town after an extended visit to her home in Toronto, on Saturday.

The ladies of the Japanese Booth at the forthcoming Japanese Fair are giving an "At Home" or dance on Tuesday, Feb. 23rd, in the Mechanic's Hall, Mrs. Arthur Murphy Mrs. S. R. Woods, Mrs. Farquharson and Mrs. K. B. Mackenzie being the chaperones of the occasion.

The Ladies' Edmonton Curling Club were photographed on Monday morning at the rink, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, at whose solicitation the picture was taken, appearing in some of the groups in all the glory of a Scotch Tan O'Shaur.

I understand Miss Cameron intends using the photo as a slide in a lecture which is now in course of preparation, entitled "Wheat, It's Wizard of the North" in which Edmonton is to figure largely. That we shall not be shown as natives of the "wild and woolly" in all the glory of their own hair, is all that we can ask. Chaperones have such a weakness for their literature and pictures in a jangle, one trembles.

Mrs. Fisher's tea on Thursday afternoon was a delightful pause in the week's rush of "crush events," for while a large number of smart women were present, and many beautiful gowns were in evidence, the cosy little bungalow was at no time crowded.

It was a veritable "golden" tea; daffodils everywhere. On mantelpiece, book-cases, tables; the golden beauties, intermixed with fern, made a great splash of exquisite color. In the midst of this golden haze, Mrs. Fisher received her guests, her beautiful reception gown of shell-pink Liberty silk, the bodice arranged with exquisite embroidered pink chiffon, and a pearl and diamond necklace gleaming at her throat, seeming part of the effective color scheme employed.

Out in the broad hall Lacourgne's orchestra dispensed sweet music of the character that seems to form the proper foil for the light and almost frivolous chatter peculiar to tea-room gossip at the social hour when the hands of the clock point at the figure 5.

In the tea room the honors were done by Mrs. Clarke Bowker and Mrs. Bredin, while Miss Evelyn Powell was the presiding genius who saw to it that everyone had a cup of tea and some of the delicious dainties that crowded the hospitable board. Mrs. Bowker was looking radiant, wearing a stunning gown of pale blue striped silk, the bodice formed of drapings of the silk and embroidered blue-chiffon with guinea and sleeves of tucked net. With this a black picture hat was worn.

Mrs. Bredin was also prettily frocked, wearing an embroidered cream broadcloth gown, and cream picture hat to correspond. Miss Powell was in golden brown silk, with cream net yoke embroidered in blue, and was looking very pretty and animated.

Mrs. Hislop had charge of the ices and wore a becoming frock of pale green satin with white lace, and a large white hat. Mrs. Hentbre, whom everyone seems to admire, wearing a smart green Directoire

gown; Miss Rabbit and Miss Violet Wilson assisted in passing the refreshments.

The table arrangements were unusually lovely. A wide, low, basket of daffodils and ferns quivering on an exquisite linen centerpiece embroidered in green and gold, the handle of the basket being crocheted in emerald-green tulle.

I don't know if I am sentimental, but I never see such a host of these golden trumpets but I think of Wordsworth's incomparable lines:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering, and dancing in the breeze,"

and then

"A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company."

And so a peculiarly appropriate and lovely flower for a tea, when surely genteel gaiety is, if ever, in order.

Among the guests were: Mrs. Rutherford in a rich brown velvet toilette; Mrs. Cross in a smart blue tailor-made; Mrs. Constantine in pretty blue and white; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Sydney Woods, Mrs. M. J. McLeod, Mrs. Calderon, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Hyndman, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Dallbridge, Mrs. McKenney, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. McQueen, Mrs. W. H. Cooper, Mrs. Pace, Mrs. Telford, Mrs. McIsaac, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Frank Smith, Miss Shibley, Mrs. Graves, the Misses Hughes, and Miss McIsaac.

The Winnipeg Free Press of Feb. 12 says: "Mrs. A. A. Macdonald was the hostess at a very jolly bridge yesterday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Jack Anderson of Edmonton. Mrs. Clarence Piper, Miss Cornell, and Miss Symington carried off the very dainty prizes."

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron and Miss Ella Abernethy, of Chicago, have been the guests of Mrs. Geo. Stuck and, 328 Eighth street.

As a result of last week's hockey match between the two teams of girls the sum of \$94.50 was cleared for the benefit of the Creeche. As the expenses amounted to \$79, this is exceedingly creditable.

Mrs. J. R. Lavell was one of last week's hostesses in Strathcona, entertaining at the tea hour on Friday. She was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. McAllister. An enjoyable diversion was the solving of "A Shirt Waist Riddle" puzzle. Mrs. Alexander being the prize-winner.

Keen regret has been expressed throughout the city at the news of the death of Miss Eva Marjorie Boyle, daughter of Mrs. Wm. Boyle, Sixth street, and sister of Mr. J. R. Boyle, M.P.E., which occurred from pneumonia on Saturday. Miss Boyle had been for a considerable period a member of the staff of the Registry office.

The "At Home" in the Alexander Taylor school on Friday evening was a repetition of the first one in point of enjoyment. The company was made up of teachers and friends to the number of a hundred and fifty. Principal Roberts and Miss Sinclair of the staff, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. McAlister, received the guests. The large auditorium of the school presented a fine appearance. The platform was flanked with palms and the body of the hall was set with small tables with vases of carnations of red and white, the colors of the school.

The teachers have hit upon the happy idea of combining an intellectual feature with their social evenings. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron was the guest of the club on Friday evening and spoke very acceptably for half an hour on the subject of parents and teachers. This sounds shoppy but it wasn't at all, and Miss Cameron cannot be shoppy but she is always clever and entertaining and not given to sermoneering and saws. Her talk was really a critical and philosophic examination of tendencies in school work and in school courses as well as of common practices among parents and teachers. She scored rather sharply the tendency to institutionalize in the common school many of the duties and responsibilities of the family and also the habit of faddish organizations of dumping their notions on the school for realization and expression. She made a strong appeal for a return to simplicity and thoroughness in school work as well as for the establishment of sensible relations between parents and teachers. Though her subject was not a new one her treatment was very much her own and it was attractive and good. At the close of Miss Cameron's lecture the teachers served very dainty refreshments. A parlor orchestra added greatly to the enjoyment of the guests.

Miss Marjorie Brown is returning on Saturday to her home in the East, after an extended visit to her sister, Mrs. Sydney Woods, at the Capital. Since coming to town Miss Brown has been one of the most joyous and enthusiastic of the younger set, always ready to do her share in any

good work or for the cause of youth and gaiety generally, so that her departure will leave a certain blank, that I think, each of us, and us alone, can fill in our little several worlds.

An engagement that will interest a wide circle of friends in Edmonton and elsewhere, has but recently been announced, that of Miss Essa (Peggy) Ferris to Mr. George D. Hunt, news editor of the Bulletin and formerly of the Galt. In a city where she has lived so long and counts so many friends it is unnecessary to add that this popular girl is receiving all kinds of good wishes with regard to this happy announcement. Mr. Hunt is himself a capital fellow, a promising young newspaper man and can count quite as many friends in town as are good for any man.

Miss Stocks was the hostess of a delightful girl's luncheon on Friday last, when covers were laid for twelve.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kerr Coulter, Sherbourne street, Toronto, announce the engagement of their daughter, Lella Margaret, to Major W. H. Routledge, R. N. W.M.P., Athabasca Landing.

The jolly dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Graves in the Separate School theatre on Tuesday night was one of the most successful social functions of the season. All the arrangements for the happy affair were excellently carried out. In addition to the cosy sitting-out places provided, the hall room proper looked exceedingly pretty, softly shaded flower lights casting a rosy glow on charming girls and stalwart partners, and giving to this little sale dance a more home-like air than one is wont to associate with a dance outside of home environments.

Mrs. Graves in a handsome black silk gown with heavily sequined jet berthe, received her guests at the entrance to the ball room, Miss Ella Graves, in a very becoming princess frock of pale yellow silk with a beautiful lace berthe and carrying a great sheaf of white roses, and Miss Madeline Graves, in a charming clinging Directoire gown of white satin, the bodice draped with chiffon and outlined with pale green passementerie, a large bunch of violets on the corsage, added a pretty girl's welcome to their mother's.

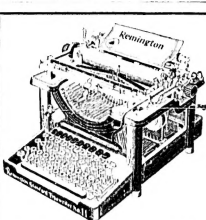
Everyone seemed to arrive at the same time and earlier than usual.

the orchestra (Richardson's) struck up a dreamy waltz which was the precursor of a long and every-moment-delightful programme. The floor was in splendid shape, the guests just comfortably filled the hall, and all in all the dance deserves to rank as a great success.

Supper was served at midnight, a la buffet, from behind the scenes, while out in front was a beautifully arranged table, centered with white roses, fern and violets, pale green and pink ribbons and green tulle being arranged to form a centerpiece, with silver candlesticks at the four corners.

Conspicuous among the many pretty partners and frocks (noted: Mrs. Charlesworth in a stunning white satin gown, her lovely golden hair beautifully arranged; Mrs. Richardson in white satin with a lovely diamond and lace berthe, a lovely frock; Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison dancing very gracefully in white and pink over pink tulle; Mrs. Sydney Woods, always a belle, in palest pink empire gown with silk and gold embroidery; Mrs. Fairchild of Brantford radiantly pretty in white lace, red roses in her dark hair; Mrs. K. B. Mackenzie, a brilliant little figure in a rich cream satin gown; Mrs. Miller of Wetaskiwin in a magnificent robe of baby Irish lace; Mrs. Frank Smith in exquisite Spanish lace over tulle with touches of lovely pink; Mrs. Ferris in handsome black lace and sequins; Mrs. Williamson Taylor tall and striking in black silk gown, who brought her friend, Mrs. Howe of Calgary, looking very well indeed in pale rose pink brocade silk with berthe of finest lace; Mrs. Farquharson in a pretty blue figured silk organdie gown, with blue silk and lace garniture; Mrs. Pace in a becoming frock; Mrs. Hislop in a pale green satin Directoire gown; Mrs. Duncan Smith in black sequins; Mrs. Sommerville in black and white; Mrs. McIsaac in a charming graceful pale blue frock; Miss Powell wearing also this becoming shade, some exquisite soft material with a chiffon effect and painted in a Dresden design; Miss Babitt looking remarkably pretty in cowslip yellow satin; Miss Marjorie Brown in embroidered chiffon, again in the popular pale blue tone and carrying a sheaf of deep red roses; Miss Barker in pink silk, so becoming to her lovely fresh complexion; Miss Snowden in white point d'esprit, with Dresden silk garniture; Miss Pilot in pretty pale blue; Miss Potter in rich white

Continued on page 8



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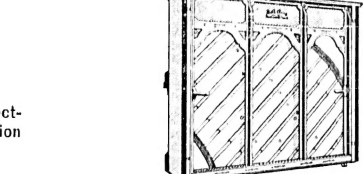
It solves many difficulties which have up to this time confronted Piano makers.



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Home and Society.

Continued from page 7

Miss Kathleen Pace, a perfect picture in a soft pink satin Directoire frock, with ribbon bows of the same shade in her charmingly arranged coiffure. Miss Alice McDougall in a lovely gown of dotted white chiffon and lace, her sister, Miss Annie, one of the most vivacious and radiant of the younger set in dotted chiffon over pale yellow silk, with yellow silk and lace garniture; Miss Perkins in a blue satin empire model; Miss Murphy in blue figured organdy; Miss Porin, whose fine eyes and coloring single her out among the belles, in a girlish white gown; Miss McLean looking exceedingly well in white satin and a great many others.

Judge and Mrs. Beck who came rather late to look on, remained to dance. Mrs. Beck wearing a smart grey gown piped with violet silk and ornamented with quantities of lace.

I see that Jimmy Fax and an all-star concert company are to be at the Edmontan Opera House on Friday and Saturday nights of this week, when a very fine programme is to be given. I don't know, outside of his splendid reputation as an impersonator and singer of irresistibly humorous songs, a great deal about Jimmy Fax, but I did know his brother "Reub," the greatest "Posty," all artists that may ever come or go, to the bargain of it, that theatre-goers can ever hope to see. I have to remember that, though I had seen the "London Drier Bush" a score of times, and Reub Fax as "Posty" as often, when he came again I was there in the front row, as keen and with a more loving eye for the inimitable artist who wandered, and took us with him, the whole length of Drumboyle.

"Reub" Fax's face, was a fortune in itself, the whimsicality of it, the cock of the eye, every line and trick of expression of it, and then the voice, "Tin, Jennie rin," he would cry as he speeded her, and then down the line, "he's after ye," half we would rise in our seats to see the outcome of it, but it was only Reub Fax shouting into the "strings."

And Jimmy Fax is the brother of "Posty." It is enough. I HAVE known brothers and sisters, wives and husbands, resenting in a reflected light, but no man need take exception to being called "Reub" Fax's brother. Maybe "Jimmy" stars it in a world of his own. I am going to see.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Kelly returned from their honeymoon in the Old Country on Monday, and are staying with Mrs. Houtreier.

Mrs. H. I. Millar of Wetaskiwin has spent the past week in Edmontan, the guest of Mrs. Frank Sommerville.

Mrs. Frank Sommerville leaves on Tuesday for Portland, Oregon, to be away for six months. During her absence she has rented her bungalow residence on Hardisty Ave. to a recently-married couple.

Mrs. Miller accompanies Mrs. Sommerville as far as Wetaskiwin on Tuesday.

No less than three young lawyers are to be married between now and the end of Lent, and of them haven't thrown out the vaguest hint of their intentions. In six weeks' time if you hear that a certain young barrister has left for Montreal, don't let it give you warning that a single return ticket will not bring him, and something he values even more than himself, back to the Capital.

The second dark horse has been so very dark as to just what he proposes doing, I can only inform you that one thing he HAS determined on, and that is being married within the time aforesaid.

No. 3 will wed, then journey away and in the days when he should be doing penance will be traversing round Eastern Canada with his pretty, girlish bride, as if he had no blameless a life he had no need of absolution and discipline.

As the kiddies say, "I know some other things" equally interesting but refuse to be interviewed.

During the Bonaparte ladies in charge of the Ice Cream booth at the Hospital Fair will serve coffee and tea, sandwiches and doughnuts, in the waiting room of the Thistle Hotel to raise money for the purposes of buying the supplies for their booth.

lers, I know, appreciate a steaming cup of either grateful beverage after or between games, and I am sure, being able to secure them, at a moment's notice, during the entire week, morning, afternoon and night, and incidentally thus aiding so worthily a cause, the ladies should not take a handsome profit.

In the curling match a week ago Thursday, Mrs. Morrin and Mrs. Ellis won the pretty souvenirs presented by Mrs. Stinson, defeating first Mrs. Balmer Watt, who played four stones, and then Mrs. Bishopie and Mrs. Frank Smith. Tea was served by Mrs. Jellett and Mrs. Frank Smith at a table prettily decorated with a great basket of nodding red and white carnations, the club colors.

Later, if the photos don't libel us all too badly, the Saturday News will publish a group of the Ladies' Curling Club.

On Wednesday afternoon a steady stream of couples, at times overflowing the drawing-room of Mrs. Stockand's pretty home on Eighth street, had the double pleasure of a visit with this bright young hostess and her gracious Miss Agnes Deans Cameron and Miss Abel of Chicago. Of course everyone is raving about Miss Cameron, who has a way with her that seems to make her ready captives. On Wednesday she charmed them all, and Mrs. Stockand and Miss Abel dispensed the fragrant brew and delicious cakes that Miss Cameron declared she made, herself, though I'm doubting her.

Among the callers I noticed: Mrs. Hardisty, Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Chas. May and Mrs. Alex. May, Mrs. Morrin and she of others.

Miss Cameron left on Friday on her return trip to Winnipeg, to speak in Calgary, however, en route.

I have to acknowledge the courtesy of the Edmontan Tennis Club for an invitation to their dance in the Separate School hall on Friday last, when unfortunately I was prevented, through illness and press of work, to be present.

I had the chance was a particularly enjoyable one, an excellent floor, good music, a dainty supper and pretty partners and men galore.

Mr. Albert E. Nash was the honorary secretary of the occasion, and I am sure performed his duties admirably.

I have tried all week to find out further particulars of this jolly affair, but find that lovely eyes are not necessarily observant ones, and that social reporting has at least this grace, it trains one to take notice, to size up quickly, and so is an aid in the more congenial labor of special column writing.

Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison's reception on Wednesday was an avalanche. Eighty sets of feet, the surrounding side streets being dotted for blocks with little coteries of women descending on this very likeable and agreeable bride, who received in a graceful frock of old rose painted chiffon, with a floral design and a suggestion of pale blue ribbon, bow-knots appearing on skirt and bodice. Soft fluffy sleeves and her hair had in addition some handsome tasselmenterie as an outline, the whole effect being extremely graceful and pretty. The reception room was decorated with the loveliest pink tulips, in which one seemed to see a promise of the long-looked, and hoped-for spring.

Assisting Mrs. Harrison in receiving so many guests, many of them entire strangers, were: Mrs. Mays in a dainty white embroidered linen frock and top in soft brown tones, and Mrs. Honeywell in a modish pale blue gown and black picture hat. Out in the tea-room, gay with hosts of daffodils, Mrs. Charlesworth and Mrs. Frank Sommerville provided at the tea and coffee urns, the table being centered with a shower of the daffodils on a handsome Japanese tea-cloth.

At a side table Mrs. Wallbridge had charge of the ices, while Miss Connie Rhodes in a beautiful Directoire gown presided.

Among those who came and went I noticed Mrs. Beck, Miss Rabbit, Mrs. H. I. Millar of Wetaskiwin, Mrs. David W. Macdonald, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Bowker, and her guest Miss Torrance, Mrs. Calderman, Miss Haldane, Mrs. K. R. MacKenzie, Mrs. Fairbairn, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Bishopie, Mrs. Seidie, Mrs. Braithwaite, and others too numerous to mention.

There will be a meeting of all those who are in charge of the booths for the Hospital Fair in April, in All Saints' schoolroom on Monday, Feb. 22nd at 2 o'clock sharp.

Mrs. A. M. Stewart, 478 Eighth street, will receive for the first time this season on Wednesday, Feb. 24th.

I hear that Miss Flossie Cameron's marriage to Mr. McNamara is to take place shortly after Lent.

The "Elsie Books"

Illustrated by the death of the creator of an immortal life.

The week before last there was a telegraphic news note in the papers, dated New York, announcing the death at quite an advanced age, of Miss Margaret Finley, the author of the Elsie Books.

Against the late Miss Finley's character and her excellent intentions no one could justly breathe a syllable; but it is to be hoped that oblivion will soon overtake her writings, says Winnipeg Town Topics, for she created the most odious child in fiction.

The first of the Elsie Books, "Elsie Dinsmore," appeared in 1898; and it and its successors at once became staples in Sunday school libraries. There must have been thousands of men and women from twenty-five to fifty years of age who went through a course of Elsie Books.

Were they to make a frank confession, they would place these stories at the head of the list of "Books that Have Hindered Me."

For the Elsie Books are destitute of humor and are slushily sentimental; and Elsie herself is an impossible little prig, who divides her time between snivelling and preaching.

Her weepy preachiness is enough to drive any healthy minded child to wicker madness.

The editor of Town Topics has been looking over the first of the series, "Elsie Dinsmore," and the second, "Elsie's Holidays."

Here is a sample passage from the former:

"Do you love Jesus, papa?" she timidly inquired, for she had seen him do a number of things she knew to be wrong—such as riding out for pleasure on the Sabbath, reading secular newspapers, and engaging in worldly conversation—and she greatly feared he did not."

Elsie's family were wicked worl d-shiners, to whom her piety was a disgusting example.

With her father particularly, she had a dreadful time.

He was a wealthy man, highly educated, the book says, and in his way a model of all the virtues; but he didn't "love Jesus," and he thought he knew quite as much about propriety of behaviour and the conduct of life as Elsie herself, aged eight.

Ultimately, of course, she brought him to see the error of his way, but it was a terrible struggle.

His notions of Sabbath observance were, as we have seen, scandalously lax.

One memorable Sunday, a number of guests were in the house, and they were "laughing, joking, talking politics, and conversing upon various worldly topics, apparently quite forgetful that it was the Lord's Day."

Then Elsie's father wanted her to sing a song which he regarded as "perfectly proper" for the time and place.

But, with pleading eyes, brimful of tears," she refused.

"The Bible says the Sabbath is to be kept holy unto the Lord," she

informed her father, "and that we are not to think our own thoughts, nor speak our own words, nor do our own actions; but all the day must be spent in studying God's word, in worshipping and praising him; and there is no praise in that song; not one word about God or heaven."

So she obstinately sat on the piano stool until she fainted.

And a pious gentleman who was among the guests remarked to the cruel father, "Dinsmore, you're a brute!"

But in "Elsie's Holidays," the second in the series, she brings her father to time. She falls ill, and makes her will; "Please write down that I want my dear papa to support one missionary to the heathen out of my money." The members of the family came in to say the last goodbye, and we read: "It is VERY sweet to go home so soon," murmured the soft, low voice of the little one, "SO sweet to go and live with Jesus and be free from sin forever."

The doctor gives up all hope. In her delirium she does not recognize her father; and then "for the first time he saw himself to be what he really was in the sight of God, a guilty, Hell-deserving sinner—lost, ruined, and undone!"

He had hitherto "been very proud of his morality and his upright life, unstained by any dishonorable act, but now 'he shrank back appalled at the sight of his sin.'"

Finally Elsie recovers, and her father confesses that he has been "led by the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit to turn his feet into that straight and narrow way," and that he hopes that he and his "little girl" will now walk hand in hand together on our journey to the Celestial City."

These quotations are enough to prove that Elsie is the most offensive of little prigs.

There have been many children in Sunday school books resembling Elsie, but let us hope they are disappearing.

For forty years Elsie and her type have been a pernicious example.

It is high time that books for children containing such morbid and sentimental creations as Elsie vanished utterly before children's books containing sane and wholesome children.

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